

Geo. Morris
Box 1525

1828 The 1900
Sailors' Magazine



and SEAMEN'S FRIEND

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

76 WALL ST. NEW YORK.

**VOL. LXXII.
No 9.**

SEPTEMBER, 1900.

**Whole No.
865.**

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THE SOCIETY'S PERIODICALS.

THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE, besides articles on the sea, ships and seamen, represents the work of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY and more briefly of kindred societies.

The Magazine is sent to single subscribers for One Dollar a year, payable in advance.

Persons ordering a change in the direction of the Magazine should always give both the old and new address, in full.

THE LIFE BOAT, an eight-page monthly paper, represents in Sunday Schools the Loan Library work of the Society. Sunday Schools contributing \$20 for a loan library receive fifty copies monthly for one year, postage prepaid.

THE SEAMEN'S FRIEND, containing matter suitable for seamen, is issued quarterly and distributed gratuitously among them. It is supplied to similar societies at the rate of one dollar per hundred.

Provided a request is sent annually for the SAILORS' MAGAZINE, it will be forwarded gratuitously to Life Directors, Life Members and pastors of churches in which a yearly collection is taken for the Society.

It will also, upon application, be sent for one year to any one contributing at least Twenty Dollars for the general objects of the Society, or to endow a Loan Library.

It is necessary that all receivers of the Magazine, gratuitously, should give annual notice of their desire for its continuance.

REMITTANCES.

Remittances for the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, in payment of subscriptions to the SAILORS' MAGAZINE, or for any other purpose, should be sent to No. 76 Wall Street, New York City, by P. O. Money Order, or check, or draft on New York, to the order of WILLIAM C. STURGES, Treasurer, or money may be enclosed in a registered letter. Postmasters are now obliged to register letters at ten cents each, when requested. If acknowledgments of remittances are not received by return mail, the Treasurer should be notified at once.

LIFE MEMBERS AND DIRECTORS.

The payment of Five Dollars makes an Annual Member of the Society, and of Thirty Dollars at one time a Life Member. The payment of One Hundred Dollars at one time makes a Life Director.

FORM OF A BEQUEST.

"I give and bequeath to the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, incorporated by the Legislature of New York, in the year 1833, the sum of \$——, to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of the said Society."

Three witnesses should certify at the end of the will, over their signatures, to the following formalities, which, in the formation of the will, should be strictly observed:

1st. That the testator subscribed (or acknowledged the subscription of) the will in their presence.—2nd. That he, at the same time, declared to them that it was his last will and testament.—3rd. That they, the witnesses, then and there, in his presence, and at his request, and in presence of each other, signed their names thereto, as witnesses.

SAILORS' ^{THE} MAGAZINE

AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND



Vol. 72,

SEPTEMBER, 1900

No 9

THE TIDE.

God's ships of treasure sail upon the sea
 Of boundless love, of mercy infinite;
 To change their course, retard their onward way,
 Nor wind nor wave hath might.
 Prayer is the tide for which the vessels wait
 Ere they can come to port; and if it be
 The tide is low, then how canst thou expect
 The treasure ship to see?

ANNA TEMPLE.

THE SHIP OF DREAMS.

When silent lies the sleeping town
 In its profoundest rest,
 There is a ship comes sailing down
 Upon the river's breast.

Wide winged as that enchanted swan,
 She saileth through the night,
 And purple grows the gloom upon
 The magic of her flight.

The bark she bears no mortal name,
 No crew of mortal mould,
 Ulysses' ship of song and flame,
 Of cedar wood and gold!

She is the ship that Turner knew
 On the enchanted seas,
 She floats far isles of music through,
 And isles of memories.

And she is mystically fraught
 With dreams remembered long,
 That drift on all the tides of thought
 And all the seas of song.

She hath Ulysses by her helm,
 As in the olden time;
 This ship of a diviner realm,
 And of a fairer clime,

—Longman's Magazine.

THE COD-FISHER.

Where leap the long Atlantic swells
In foam-streaked stretch of hill and
dale,

Where shrill the north-wind demon yells,
And flings the spin drift down the gale;

Where, beaten 'gainst the bending mast,
The frozen rain-drop clings and cleaves,
With steadfast front for calm or blast
His battered schooner rocks and heaves.

*"To some the gain, to some the loss,
To each the chance, the risk, the fight:
For men must die that men may live,—
Lord, may we steer our course aright."*

The dripping deck beneath him reels,
The flooded scuppers spout the brine,
He heeds them not, he only feels
The tugging of a tightened line.

The grim white sea-fog o'er him throws
Its clammy curtain, damp and cold,
He minds it not,—his work he knows,
'Tis but to fill an empty hold.

Oft, driven through the night's blind
wrack,

He feels the dread berg's ghastly breath,
Or hears draw nigh through walls of black
A throbbing engine chanting death.

But with a calm unwrinkled brow,
He fronts them, grim and undismayed,
For storm and ice and liner's bow,
These are but chances of the trade.

Yet well he knows,—where'er it be,
On old Cape Cod or bluff Cape Ann,
With straining eyes that search the sea,
A watching woman waits her man.
He knows it, and his love is deep,
But work is work, and bread is bread,
And though men drown and women weep,
The hungry thousands must be fed.

*"To some the gain, to some the loss,
To each his chance, the game with Fate;
For men must die that men may live.
Dear Lord, be kind to those who wait."*
JOE LINCOLN, in *Harper's Weekly*.

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

MR. MOODY always made it evident that he was in command of his own meetings, and was very careful in selecting those who aided him in conducting them. To MOODY the meeting was the main thing; that must be spiritual, simple, earnest; the man who had no message for it, or who seriously marred his message by his personal traits or false methods, had no further opportunity to mar it, no matter what his standing or reputation might be.

It is remarkable how many feel a call to aid the seamen's chaplain in his evangelistic work. Some of them, like MOODY's tried and proved co-workers, have the freedom of the platform, and are always heard with profit. Others are a plague to the chaplain and a trial to the sailors. Let the chaplain imitate MOODY and put his meeting first. A false courtesy may keep him in bondage to talking visitors. Why should the meeting be spoiled for their sake? If the chaplain has not courage to command, let him yield the quarter-deck to some one who has. The meeting! The meeting!—let that be first. And if, peradventure, the chaplain's care is to make it merely entertain-

ing and he is on the same plane with the visiting talkers, let the committee or society behind him put a better man in his place, a man who regards the meeting as a means to an end, who knows how by the proper means to secure the end, even the salvation of men, and who is determined to silence voices which do not contribute to that end.

MANY sailors are drawn from a class of people who have had little education. Even these, if they improve their opportunities for reading and observe the lands and peoples they visit, may repair in a good degree the loss of early training. Not seldom, however, men with both brains and book-learning become sailors for one reason or another, and when God's grace converts them, they may reach eminence as scholars, divines, men of business, men of letters. Read the Cruise of the Cachalot by FRANK T. BULLEN, and forget not that this brilliant writer was a boy and man at sea for many years. Where did he get his style? On one of his voyages there was nothing on board to read except a Bible, and he read that through fifteen times. This Society puts the loan libraries on vessels and in each of these is a Bible. No one can tell the good they do. Through the Bible and the Christian books in these libraries men are shaped for usefulness in this world, and saved forever.

THE following letter is an acknowledgment of books sent to far-away Sitka for the use of the men who gather there to meet the drafts of United States Navy vessels :

MARINE BARRACKS,

NAVAL STATION, Sitka, Alaska, July 6, 1900.

Dear Dr. Stitt: The box of books which your Society has so kindly given to this post arrived to-day, and I hasten to send to you, and through you to the Society, my thanks and the thanks of the entire command for your kindness and courtesy. The books will make a most welcome and valued addition to our little post library, and they will be constantly used and greatly appreciated by the present members of the command and by those who succeed us. With my renewed thanks and kind regards, I remain,

Very sincerely yours,

J. H. PENDLETON,

Captain, U. S. M. C.

ONE of the unpleasant duties of the Secretary of this Society is to tell a giver of a loan library that it has been lost in a wreck, but that duty is not so frequent as the pleasant one of telling a donor that his library has lasted ten, twenty and (now and then) even thirty years. For example, No. 3,926 has just been lost after a useful life of nearly

thirty years. The pastor of the Sunday School that gave it in 1871 writes "It seems to me that without doubt our Sunday School would be glad to give a new library." What better investment of money could there be than a twenty-dollar library of good books that would last even ten years, and be read by ten or fifteen different crews in that time? It is painful sometimes to be compelled to tell donors that the crew was lost with the ship. As, however, seamen risk their lives and shipowners their property on the sea, we must risk the libraries, thanking God that most ships and sailors and libraries return to land and sail again.

THE Annual Report of this Society is now ready for free distribution. The following is its closing paragraph :

Let every reader of this report cause others to read it; let inquiry follow the reading of it; inquire at this Society's office, at the missions it aids; read the SAILORS' MAGAZINE, which contains in detail the facts condensed in this report; read the LIFE BOAT, or Children's Work for Seamen, devoted to the loan library work in Sunday Schools; acquire the interest which a knowledge of the work begets and it will not be lost. Manila and Honolulu call for aid in sustaining missions to seamen. Other ports both in the old world and new hold out appealing hands. The work needs a far larger annual income to keep it going. It has had seventy-two years of the divine blessing. Many of the trophies of grace won through its agency are preaching Christ, writing good books, or doing some good work in the world. Let it have a legacy in your will; an annual contribution during your life; the influence of your counsel and co-operation in every way; subscribe for the SAILORS' MAGAZINE (one dollar per annum); give a loan library (\$20 each), or get your Sunday School to give it and receive in return fifty copies of the LIFE BOAT per month for one year; make yourself a Life Member (\$30) or a Life Director (\$100); ask your pastor to present our cause to his congregation, whether a collection can be taken for it or not, and above all things keep seamen in the core of your sympathies and in the heart of your prayers.

WE gratefully acknowledge the receipt of a box of papers from Mr. WM. C. CONANT, of New York City.

THE Secretary is ready to preach in any church in behalf of this Society, to explain its work to the King's Daughters, to the Society of Christian Endeavor, to Monthly Concerts of Prayer, to Sunday Schools, to parlor meetings. Write to him at No. 76 Wall Street, New York.

WHALES.

(Concluded from August number.)

The "Right whales," as it is usual to term the Greenland whale and the Southern whalebone whale, are so called on account of the fact that they are the "right" kind of whale for the whaler to attack; their whalebone is finer and longer than that of others, and the oil is more abundant and of a superior quality. These whales (genus *Balæna*) are characterized, in addition to the traits given in the definition which are not found in the allied genus *Neobalæna*, by an enormous head and a peculiar form of the mouth. The Greenland whale, bulky though it is, has been very much overrated as to size. Scoresby, whose experience was large, says in his "Account of the Arctic Regions," that such dimensions as 80 or 100 feet are quite absurd; of 322 individuals in the capture of which Scoresby was himself concerned, not a single one exceeded 60 feet in length. The largest ever measured by himself was only 58 feet. An unusual specimen caught off Spitzbergen at the beginning of this century was barely 70 feet in length, though its whalebone was as long as 15 feet. The head of this animal is about a third of its total length. There is a slight hairy covering in the form of a few scattered, short white hairs at the extremity of both jaws. Though the Greenland whale is usually black, Scoresby relates that he has seen specimens which were piebald all over, an exaggeration of the occasional white tracts that are normal for the species. This whale has no voice, though it makes a loud noise in spouting. It swims slowly, usually at the rate of four miles an

hour; but, when diving, can reach a velocity of seven miles an hour. The time which right whales can remain under water has been exaggerated. As a rule five or ten minutes is the period, varied by two minutes' breathing space. When feeding, however, they may remain submerged for fifteen or twenty minutes. Scoresby mentioned a harpooned whale as having dived for a period of forty minutes, and Scammon assigns one hour and twenty minutes as the limit of endurance.

The Greenland whale produces a single foal or sucker at a birth; the young creature when born, is ten to fourteen feet long. The mother does not desert it until the expiration of a year or two, and the amount of maternal affection exhibited has been often commented upon. Scoresby, who was compelled to mingle commercial enterprise with some regard to sentimentality, remarks that "There is something extremely painful in the destruction of a whale, when thus evincing a degree of affectionate regard for its offspring that would do honor to the intelligence of human beings." This whale is not really gregarious; when a number of them are seen together, it is an accident due to their having congregated at the same feeding spot. There are various thrilling stories of adventures with harpooned whales, but it seems that the dangers are not attributable to any ferocity on the part of the animal itself, which is one of the most timid of beasts, so much so, indeed, that "a bird alighting upon its back sometimes sets it off in great agitation and terror."

The accidents that have happened to whalers are simply ascribable to the struggles of the great beasts when harpooned; the struggles are not purposely directed at its enemy. In this respect the right whale is markedly unlike the fierce and malicious Californian whale. The right whale feeds on minute pelagic creatures. The minuteness of the food led the ancients to believe that this animal lived upon water only. Pteropods and crustacea form the bulk of its nutriment, which it does not have to collect laboriously, for the Arctic seas are often dyed for acres with these small floating animals. The whale's mouth is enormous, and its capacity is enlarged by the outward sweep of the rami of the lower jaw, which together have a spoon-like contour. The plates of whalebone act as strainers. The food filtered by the action of the whalebone is left stranded upon the gigantic tongue and then swallowed down the narrow throat. It is, accordingly, not advantageous that this tongue should be mobile and muscular; it is, as matter of fact, mainly formed of a mass of spongy fat intermixed with sinewy flesh.

The right whale was once more abundant on the coast of Europe than it is now, and was much hunted, especially by the Basques, who have left their mark upon the whaling industry by the word harpoon. Of this industry a number of important observations, together with references to the literature, have been collected by M. Fischer and by Sir C. Markham. The earliest document relating to the whale fishery of the Basques is dated from the year 1150. It is a grant of privileges by Sancho the Wise to the City of San Sebastian. A little later, in 1197, John,

King of England, "gave to Vital de Biole and his heirs to take fifty Angevin pounds on the two first whales captured each year at Biarritz in exchange for the fees which King Richard, his brother, had given him on account of the fishery of Guernsey." The pursuit of Biscayan whale was at its height at this period; its importance is shown by the fact that a whale is incorporated in the coats of arms of many towns lying upon the Bay of Biscay. Other traces of the former prevalence of this industry are to be seen in the remains of "vigias" or look-out towers, whence the whales were espied, and a fleet of boats sent out in pursuit. In the sixteenth century, the trade was still considerable; Rondeletius remarks in 1659 upon Bayonne as a centre of the traffic, and the flesh of the whale, especially the tongue, was eaten. In the records of a marriage at Lequeito as late as 1712, the bride and bridegroom are described as possessing between them all the outfit for a whaling voyage.

We pass over the other members of the whale family, such as rorquals, porpoises and dolphins, and confine ourselves to the sperm whales, the most familiar of the toothed-whale group. The sperm whales are, for the most part, if not altogether, social; the solitary and stranded individuals being, as a rule, males. These males are probably, like "rogue" elephants, fierce bulls which have been expelled from the herd. From a comparison of various skeletons of old animals, it seems that fifty-five, and possibly sixty, feet represent the outside total length of a male sperm whale. The males of this species are considerably larger than the females. The sperm whale feeds mainly upon

cuttle fish, but sometimes fishes also are eaten. It is said to feed by dropping the huge lower jaw, "thereby exhibiting its polished white teeth, which attract within its reach the swimming food, while the creature moves in the ocean's depths." Apparently, its food is never composed of larger creatures than bonitos and albigores; but the throat is said to be large enough to swallow a man, and, consequently, the sperm whale has been identified with the whale of Jonah, and also with the Leviathan of Job. This animal will remain under water from fifty minutes to an hour and a quarter. When it spouts, it does so for the space of about three seconds, and the column of vapor ejected can be seen from the masthead at a distance of three to five miles.

The spouting of the sperm whale or Cachalot, as the creature has been long termed in Bayonne, can be readily distinguished from that of other whales because the blowhole is single, and the column of condensed breath is, consequently, a single fountain, and not a double jet. This whale is intertropical in range, and is only an accidental visitor to the arctic regions. It indulges in a variety of antics. Thus it will leap completely out of the water, coming down with a heavy splash that can be seen from the masthead at a distance of ten miles. These vigorous leaps are said to be indulged in for the purpose of shaking off certain external parasites. The sperm whale will also poke its head out of the water to look or listen, then assuming a perfectly upright position. The great strength of the animal is shown by its power to hurl itself completely out of the water three or four times running.

The belief is current that the sperm whale is excessively timid, but, if this be its general character, there are many exceptions among the larger males. According to Capt. Scammon, it is a well-established fact that "ships have been sunk by the deliberate assaults of vicious gray-headed Cachalots." Scammon thinks that, in some cases, vessels which have been mysteriously lost at sea have been destroyed by sperm whales. It may be that the males fight for the females and that the black hulk of a whaling vessel is now and then mistaken for one of their own kind. It has been suggested that the story of Perseus and Andromeda is based upon a ferocious Cachalot, and that the Orca described by Ariosto, which was to devour Angelica chained to a rock upon the coast of Brittany, was a reminiscence of this creature. There is a story related of the Emperor Claudius, who, with his Pretorian Guards, engaged in battle against a monster of this species off the port of Ostia.

Ambergris is a well-known product of the sperm whale. Though the name, of course, has no connection with the quality of greasiness, ambergris is a somewhat greasy substance found floating in the sea, or more generally close to the shore. It is a secretion of the intestine of the sperm whale or Cachalot, comparable, apparently, to bezoar stones. The fact that the substance was found to contain the beaks of cuttlefish suggested its origin, which was confirmed by finding it in the alimentary canal of a Cachalot. When taken from the alimentary canal the substance is greasy and of a disagreeable smell. After exposure it hardens and acquires its peculiar, sweet earthy odor. From cer-

tain chemical facts it has been inferred that ambeigris is a biliary concretion, closely resembling cholesteroline. But its appearance in the sperm whale is pathological and not natural. Every individual in which it has been found was dead, or in a sickly condition. Ambergris has been used as a medicine, and even as an aphrodisiac; it is now used solely in perfumery. It is mainly employed as a vehicle for various perfumes, and is worth from \$3.75 to \$6.25 per ounce. A piece of ambergris has been found weighing 130 pounds. An even larger piece is reported to have been in the possession of the Dutch East India Company; it weighed 982 pounds. The origin of ambergris was known more or less definitely so long ago as the middle of the sixteenth century. That is to say, it was known to be the product of a whale, though not known to be confined to the sperm whale. Olaus Magnus describes it as found floating in the sea, and as being of a blue color with a whitish tinge, that is to say, gray. He

held it to be the sperm of the whale, and prescribed it as a remedy for syncope and epilepsy. There was a curious mingling of truth with inaccuracy in Sir Thomas Brown's view of this substance. In his "Philosophical Transactions" is a reference to a sperm whale cast up on the shore of Norfolk. "In vain," he writes, "it were to rake for ambergrise in the paunch of this leviathan, as Greenland discoverers and attests of experience dictate, that they sometimes swallow great lumps thereof in the sea—insufferable fetor denying that inquiry." It appears that the author of "Religio Medici" knew that ambergris was found in the alimentary canal of the sperm whales, but thought that it was swallowed by the creatures. Two views of the nature of ambergris were given in Johnson's Dictionary (edition of 1818). It is there described as the excrement of birds washed off rocks, or as honeycombs that had fallen into the sea.—*M. W. H., in the N. Y. Sun.*

THE FORECASTLE.

The following article was written by the superintendent of the Sailors' Haven, Boston, who was for twelve years a sailor before the mast, and is now the successor of John Allan and is doing a good work. ED.

I read with pleasure the record of the past year in the *Saturday Evening Transcript* of December 30, 1899. In that record we were told of the efforts put forth to better humanity in every department of life, except among the men who follow the sea for a living. It was not the fault of *The Transcript* that nothing was said of there having been any improvements in the surroundings of the seamen on board their ships. There

is no improvement worth mentioning. The forecastles and surroundings on board the ships of to day are as depressing and demoralizing as they were fifty years ago.

The laws of the United States of America and of Great Britain provide on board their ships so much breathing space for each man. They get what the laws allow. But how do they get it? A room in the forward end of the ship, sometimes in the middle of

the ship, known as the forecastle ; a room with a dozen or more men in it, where at the most six men could miserably exist ; a room poorly lighted and inadequately heated and ventilated.

In such a room the seamen eat, smoke, sleep and have their being. It is their home on shipboard. The room is too small for a mess table. The food is brought into this forecastle in large pans, placed on the floor, and each man coming from his work, his hands dirty, has to make an effort, climbing over the pan of soup or meat to get some share of it for himself. There are a few forecastles in which there are mess tables on which these pans are placed for men "to dig and get at" the contents.

As we approach a modern steamship's forecastle, it seems strange to us that the sanitation should be so different from what it is on shore. When we build a house, whether in the city or country, we try to keep our bath room and lavatory in some obscure part of the house, away from our front door and dining room. When the sailors' forecastle is being built, the bath room and lavatory are placed right in the entrance of the forecastle door. Go on board, not only on some old steamer, but on some of the modern ones, especially on a summer's day, and you will find as you enter the passage leading to the forecastle door, an offensive, sickening odor. You would then ask how is it possible for men to live in this way ?

I have spoken to the officers of steamships about these conditions, and I have been told that these places could be kept clean. It was the men's own fault. I say no. Bath rooms, lavatories and all such places should be placed in

some part of the ship so that the offensive odor cannot reach the forecastle where men are housed. On board ship you may keep a stream of running water in the lavatories at all times, and still an offensive odor will emanate from there.

We all know that in bad weather at sea men are exposed on deck. They wear their oil skin clothes and rubber boots ; they go below after spending four hours on deck. They are compelled to hang up their wet oil skins at the head of their bunks, or on the bulk-head of the forecastle, and throw their rubber boots under a bunk, where they may find them when called again to go on deck.

We also know that the work in the fire-room is dirty. Where can a fireman hang up his dirty fire-room clothes, wet with perspiration ? There is no place except it be over the top of his own bunk.

There was a certain steamship in port during the latter part of January. I went on board the day she docked. Such a dismal sight ! Every man forward was discontented and depressed. The dark forecastle was somewhat lighted by the coating of ice on the sides of the ship forming the forecastle. It was raining, and without exaggeration the sloppy mud and dirt was at least one half inch deep, covering the whole forecastle floor. There was some heat from the steam-pipes, which was thawing the coating of ice which covered the roof and sides of the forecastle. One of the firemen asked me to feel of his bed. I did so ; my heart was sore. Every article of clothing and his bed clothes were wet through from the drippings of the thawing ice. The water falling from the roof and sides of this half-heated, dismal hole, made it

resemble a cave where the ebbing tide had just receded. This was the condition of a forecastle on an old cattle and freight steamship.

I told one of her men about the Sailors' Haven and gave him an invitation to visit us. He looked at me and said "To h— with you and your Mission." Before the ship sailed I gained his confidence and learned from him his opinion of missions. He felt we cared too much for a man's soul and not enough for his body. This meant that we should do more to better their condition on board their ships.

Suppose we go on board some of the passenger ships. Take the finest and best of them; go forward to visit the forecastle. You will find a large undivided space, a place where a dozen men might be able to move around in comfort, containing from thirty to forty men. Their clothes are hung on lines around their bunks. At its best you will say "what a gloomy den."

I went on board one of the noblest and best known passenger steamers sailing out of Boston one Sunday morning last fall to invite the men to our Sunday services. I spent six years of my boyhood days in the forecastles of deep water sailing ships, but never witnessed such a miserable condition as I encountered in this forecastle that Sunday morning.

About thirty-five men were in a room filled with bunks, with a narrow passage between the rows of bunks. The men were fast asleep. Just then a fireman entered with two large black pans, and calling on the top of his voice "hash," placed the pans on the dirty floor of this dark forecastle. The call of "hash" made the men turn over in their bunks and think of

getting up. The odor of that room was villainous. The night through these men had smoked and slept, and in that same foul atmosphere they are called to eat their breakfast. One man tried to light his pipe as he was turning out, and shouting to me said, "Mr. King, can't you do something to help us? Look, sir, the match won't burn, the air is so foul and thick in here." I felt sorry for them.

The work of a sailor's life is not so very hard; it is his miserable surroundings on board ship which make his life so discontented and his calling so undesirable. I will admit that there are two small mess rooms on this steamer for the firemen and sailors, each mess room large enough to seat about a dozen men, but they are in close proximity to the lavatories.

Were I a sailor on that ship, or any of these ships, I would climb on deck, be it hot or cold, and in God's pure air eat my meals. It is fortunate that they have an abundance of fresh air on deck at sea to help counteract the impure atmosphere of the forecastle.

I am not writing this in the spirit of the fault finder, but as one whose heart's desire is to have the men of the sea so treated and housed on board ship that they may believe they are men, are treated as such, and can be appealed to to live their highest and best lives. I also hope that some friend who may read this article may be induced to visit these forecastles, see for themselves how the men live, and directly or indirectly help in mending their condition.

Before I close let me say what I think would improve the situation. First, abolish the forecastle as it is built to-day, in one large room; put in its place fair sized rooms to accommodate at the most

four men. Let these rooms be known as the men's quarters; put in each room a clothes locker of good size in which men can keep their clothing. Have these rooms sheathed so as to protect them from the ice coated iron of the ship's sides and iron deck above. Also have a good ventilator and a comfortable steam heater in each room. Have a mess room that will seat every man when the ship is in port, when all the crew are eating at the same hour. Have it put away from the men's quarters. Let there be a man shipped to be known as the forward mess steward; his only duties at sea and in port to care for the dishes, knives and forks, which the ship should provide; hold him responsible for all the utensils, having him turn them over to the chief steward at the end of the voyage. Have him keep the mess room and the men's quarters clean.

Have a large bath room and lavatory far enough away from the men's quarters and men's room, and put in the bath room lockers for oil skins and boots, as many lockers as there are rooms. Men in room number one should use number one locker in the bath room. Let the forward mess steward, or two stewards if needed, keep this bath room clean and sweet. If the ship should be built for carrying cattle, have the cattlemen's quarters in some part of the ship where they cannot interfere with the regular crew. Then there will be no danger of oil skins and clothing hung out to dry being stolen by cattlemen.

The seamen will in time appreciate these changes for their betterment and will bless the owners of vessels, where now they curse them in every breath. On some of the ships the petty officers are

put four and six men in a room; they keep their room clean and enjoy the comfort of being somewhat private in their lives on ship-board. The interest they take in keeping neat and clean, where four are placed in a room, is very noticeable.

There is a steamer bound out to Boston from Hull, England. She may be in port when this article is published; *The Alecto*, one of the Wilson Line. Go on board that ship, see the sailors' quarters; (not the firemen's, for that is much inferior): you will see the beginning of what I have written as improvements for sailors on board their ships. In this ship the sailors have four large rooms for twelve men. There is a large mess room between these four rooms. Every room is kept neat and the men delight in their cleanliness. Pictures of loved ones are hung up. There is a spirit of contentment. Men lose all interest in keeping a place clean when they are huddled together thirty or forty in a room, like sheep in a pen.

Next in cleanliness to this particular ship are the big German liners from Hamburg. I might write of the officers' and engineers' quarters of many steamers, for they also have much need of better accommodations.

I went on board a certain steamship on a Sunday morning with some brotherhood men from St. John's Church, Charlestown. In addition to what I have written there was a hideous sight. Some of the men had vomited in front of the forecastle door. This was the result of the Saturday night's debauch. In speaking of that condition to one of the men, he said, "If I were suffering with severe pain, or had to go under a painful operation, I would ask for some-

thing to make me unconscious of my suffering; here we drink, we will do anything to give us some relief from our wretched condition." It is a fact. Many men sailing the sea for a living resort to drink for relief from their depressing surroundings on board their ships.—*Stanton H. King, in My Neighbor.*

U. S. LIFE-SAVING SERVICE.

Our readers will be interested in a few extracts from the last report of the Hon. SUMNER I. KIMBALL. These show the daring bravery of the life-saving crews, the fearful straits of the wrecked seamen, and the graphic style of those who report to Congress and the country the wrecks and rescues. The principal writers of these narratives are Major HORACE L. PIPER, Assistant General Superintendent, and Lieut. WORTH G. ROSS, Assistant Inspector. Let it be understood that to only a few paragraphs can space be given, and that much is omitted.

Wreck of the schooner Calvin F. Baker.

There the surfboat was cast loose, and the crew, well knowing the sort of task before them, seized the oars with a determination every man to outdo, if possible, his neighbor. Right ahead lay the shoals that form a bar off the island, over which the combers were ominously breaking, but with mighty strokes the men sent the boat headlong into them, their crests flying over and completely enveloping it, but their resistance not for a moment stopping its progress. Once past this perilous barrier the good boat floated in far less boisterous water, and was quickly laid alongside the wreck, which was lying with her head offshore and her deck ripped up and gone, except a small portion forward, where five men were crouching together in a most forlorn and pitiable condition, while near by was the body of the steward who had fallen victim to the terrible exposure. The scene was one no eyes could wish to dwell

upon, and the life-savers hastened to flee the place. The living—but half alive—and the dead were quickly handed over into the surfboat, which was promptly pulled away to the tug that stood by to tow her home.

In an hour and a half from the time the boat left the land she was back again, and the almost helpless sailors rested within the friendly walls of the station, where assiduous care was taken, both by the surfmen and a physician, to minister to their various needs. The captain was the only one who was not far gone. From the numb and swollen feet of the sailors the surfmen cut the frozen boots, and, by the application of cold water to their extremities, somewhat relieved their sufferings and restored vitality, while stimulating beverages were given them to drink. At the end of four days they had sufficiently regained their strength to depart for their homes.

The circumstances of the wreck, not told above, as gleaned from the survivors, were as follows:

The *Baker* was on her way from

Baltimore, Md., to Boston, Mass., with a cargo of coal and a crew of eight, all told. About 3 o'clock in the morning of November 27, in the midst of the storm, with some of her sails blown away, she stranded on the northerly side of Little Brewster Island. The captain was trying to make Boston Light, which was suddenly sighted close aboard off the port bow—the wrong bearing for safety—and a moment later the schooner struck. She pounded in and fetched up about seventy five yards from the rocks. All hands were driven to the rigging as the breakers swept over the ship. When the tide receded the men were able to find shelter under a small portion of the forward deck that had escaped the devouring seas. Every now and then, while the sailors were thus huddled together in their cramped and uncertain retreat, a tremendous wave would rush over the craft from stem to stern and drench them where they were, while the biting cold stiffened their garments with ice. Then the incoming tide would force them again to the rigging. In this way the seas pursued them from one part of the vessel to another, and witnessing the loss of three of their shipmates, they underwent the long, grim hours before their rescue. The schooner became a total wreck, there being little left of her worth saving.

Wreck of the schooners Jordan L.

Mott and Lester A. Lewis.

About 5 o'clock in the morning patrolman Frank C. Wages, when at Long Point, one and one-half miles to the eastward of the Wood End Station, by way of the beach, discovered what seemed to be a vessel driving ashore. The blind-

ing sheets of snow made it difficult to see with certainty, but he felt so sure that he at once hurried back to his station, on the run whenever possible, to give the alarm. Tireless Isaac G. Fisher, the keeper, ever vigilant, was in the lookout tower before daylight, and he saw Wages "coming in, running very quick." The gale was at his back and helped him on. Fisher waited for nothing more—that was sufficient—and he ran down stairs instantly and turned out his crew, not one of them having had breakfast.

The wind, which had started to blow from the east, was now east-northeast and gathering force. As soon as Wages delivered his message the boat was run down to the surf on the inside beach, but it was impossible to get it any farther on the wagon, because the wind would blow it off and smash it to pieces. It was, therefore, taken down into the edge of the surf, and the men began to push it along, wading in the water constantly up to their knees, and often to their arms. The gale frequently lifted it up, so that the men had to press it down by main force, and in this way, among dangerous drift logs and wreckage, they pushed on for hours, when they had worked down about a mile and a quarter along the beach east-northeast.

Two sunken schooners could be seen, but only at intervals. At the point which the life-savers had now reached they got hold of a rope attached to a fish weir and hauled their boat out clear of the stakes, when they took the oars and tried with all their might to pull toward the vessels. The gale was then (about 11 o'clock) at its greatest height and pitilessly forced them back to the shore. They

had done, as the witnesses testify, all that men could do, and it was now plain that success did not lie that way—the wind had changed.

They had made a gallant struggle to gain a vantage point to windward, but the change had defeated them. It was the hardest battle they ever had. The gale had now swung so far to the northward that there was no other way for them to succeed but to drag the boat around the coast line to a point a mile and a half distant, and a quarter of a mile north of where the vessel lay. There was disappointment in their hearts, but they went about their new task with undaunted spirit and as much haste as they could, but the sea and drift stuff often took them nearly off their feet, and progress was therefore slow. One of them was now sent to the station to bring such articles of food as he could pick up, while the rest laboriously shoved the boat along the shore in the edge of the surf.

At length, after several hours of ceaseless toil, at about 4 o'clock they reached a position somewhat to windward, ready to push out. Bravely they rushed the boat through the surf, but, as keeper Fisher says, the wind, "fairly shrieking," forced them back. Then they dragged it still farther to windward, and begged the aid of four fishermen who happened near, double manned the oars, and succeeded in pulling off some thirty yards or more, when they were again blown to the shore. For the third time they moved still farther to windward. Another launch was made with little less than superhuman resolution, and at last the sturdy boat shot out through the seas, not to come back again until her noble work was done.

Keeper Fisher set his course for the nearer vessel, which proved to be the *Jordon L. Mott*, sunk at her anchors with no part of her hull above water except the after portion of the cabin. Four men, with benumbed and stiffened limbs crept down from the rigging as the boat approached, and when it was pulled close under the stern were taken into it by the surfmen. The lifeless body of the captain's father was lashed in the rigging, where it was left by the keeper with the concurrence of the captain, both realizing that their first duty was to care for the living. All hands had been in the shrouds for fifteen hours, and were fast approaching collapse. The boat was therefore quickly pulled to the beach in a direction favored by the wind, and a landing was effected about 5 p. m. Although the walk to the station was then short, it consumed half an hour, the captain of the *Mott* and one sailor being so weak that the surfmen had to carry them in their arms. At the station stimulants were administered to all of them, and they were clad in dry clothing and placed in bed, where in a few hours they showed marked improvement, but a full day elapsed before the captain could walk alone. The rescued men remained at the station three days, when they were able to travel, and, under a law recently enacted by the State of Massachusetts, were furnished with railroad tickets to their homes.

(To be continued.)

THE great plague of drunkenness is a national curse and scandal.—*Gladstone*.

EVERY drunkard deliberately puts himself on an inclined plane.—*John Hall, D.D.*

DIVING FOR FISHES.

The Bay of Avalon, California, on which is the Santa Catalina aquarium, is virtually the mouth of a large cañon which descends gradually to the coast and is the collecting ground of numberless marine animals.

The water deepens rapidly in the bay, and to obtain starfishes, echini, holothurians, deep-water serpulæ and other forms, the writer suggested the use of a diver, with most interesting results. A diver of wide experience was employed, who secured many specimens. A large double-ended surfboat, in which the pump was placed, was towed to the scene of operations, generally off the rock known as Sugar Loaf, and anchored firmly, bow and stern. The surfboat was followed by a number of observation boats, provided with glass bottoms, through which every movement of the diver could be observed.

As soon as the diver was ready to descend, a boy handed him a scoop-net and a spike with which to secure specimens. Stepping down, round by round, he finally pushed off and finally sank to the bottom in about twenty-five feet of water. Through the glass bottom of the observation boats every movement could be plainly seen, as the diver walked through the weed, parting it on each side with ease. Stopping before a group of rocks in the crevices of which were echini, sea urchins as black as jet, with spines five or six inches in length, he carefully pried away the stones, picked up one of the animals and dropped it into the net. On a rock near by lay a sea cucumber nearly a foot in length, which from above looked like a huge caterpillar; and so clear was

the water it could be seen contracting as the diver took it up.

The men in the surfboat now slacked out rope and hose as the diver moved over the bottom. The glass-bottomed boats followed, and presently the diver was seen to push aside the great vines of the kelp forest, which might tangle his lines, and stop before some rocks covered with a beautiful carpet of moss-green, lavender and red, matted with the coils of serpulæ, whose breathing organs were of every color of the rainbow. Stooping, he carefully overturned the rocks, holding the scoop-net in readiness. Suddenly he dropped it, made a quick movement, and was seen to have a fish over two feet in length by the tail. It was a powerful creature and struggled violently, trying in vain to bite its captor, who now walked back to the boat.

The capture had been seen distinctly, and was announced to the followers on shore by the occupants of the glass-bottomed boats. Reaching the boat, the diver was hauled up to the ladder and slowly came above the surface, like some uncanny sea monster. He had a shark under his arm, and held it up to those on the boat. The shark was a singular fellow, peculiar to the Pacific, spotted, and with two spines—one back of each dorsal fin—and is known as the Port Jackson shark. It is a sluggish form, lying coiled up among the rocks much of the time, coming out at night, which explains the ease with which the specimen was caught.

A fish trap was handed to the diver, together with a scoop-net and a chisel. The trap was a little smaller than a flour barrel and

made of wire, one circular end being so arranged that it could be opened and lowered. Down the diver sank again, followed by a stream of bubbles. Once on the sandy floor, he walked a short distance and then entered the kelp forest, the glass bottomed boats moving directly over him, where they could follow his every action. Dropping the net beside a pile of rocks, he threw himself down at full length upon his face. Overturning some stones, he took out some sea urchins, which he crushed, placing the pieces in his trap; remaining perfectly quiet, his hand on the door of the trap, leaning on his elbow.

Almost the very moment the sea urchins were crushed the fishes darted forward, crowding around the trap, and when the diver held out his hand they dashed at the bait, tearing it to pieces. As he did not wish for the adults, but the young fish, which are dotted with rich blue splashes—among the most beautiful of fishes—he gently pushed them aside. They paid no attention to him, so to get rid of them he propped the trap door open, grasped the hand net and swept it over three of the large angel fishes, then rose to his feet and brought them to the surface. When he again descended, he found several gold and blue fishes in the trap, and, slipping the door, easily caught them. Later he held the wire trap in his lap and broke up some bait, enticing the little fish into it.

As a result of this walk, he brought up angel fishes, starfishes, holothurians, echini, a number of large univalve shells, a living shark, numbers of small shells. Then he walked out into the bay to investigate an old pile, which had long been used as a float and

was richly incrustated with *serpulæ*. The water rapidly deepened, and he was now seen in thirty or forty feet, strolling along on the sandy bottom. He carried a wire basket and picked up various shells as he went. Finally reaching the pile, he was hoisted up and held at various points while he pried off the crust of the wood, which had been almost completely filled with the tubes of teredos, and the surface of which blossomed with marvelous flower-like *serpulæ* of every hue. At least twenty pounds of this "bark" were removed—enough to cover the bottom of a large tank. The result of two days' work demonstrated the value of this method of collecting specimens, as in using a dredge many of the most delicate forms were injured. Here it was not necessary to take them from the water, the specimens being transferred in the water from the wire collecting basket to a glass jar.

Not the least interesting feature of the experiments was the attitude of the various animals toward the diver. It may be said that the fishes paid no attention to him, they ate from his hand, fought for the broken bits of echini which he held, and, apparently, as Young suggested, considered him as a huge crab whose provender they could loot at pleasure.

These experiments, as previously suggested, proved beyond question the value of the diver in work of this kind, as the ground covered was a veritable forest of macrocystis, in which groups of rocks were scattered, making work with a dredge impossible. — *Charles Frederick Holder, in the Scientific American.*

If you wish to keep out of debt,
keep out of the saloon.

GOD NEVER MAKES MISTAKES.

"You'd better go in, sir; the old woman has just gone out with the bottle, and she won't be back yet;" said one of a group of gossiping women who stood a few yards from the cottage at which I was patiently waiting. So I turned the handle of the door and walked in.

The filth and wretchedness of some of the so-called homes in which intemperance reigns supreme I was well accustomed to, and was prepared for the pitiable sight of squalor and misery which greeted me on this occasion. Over the dirty boards, bare but for a ragged piece of sacking which served as hearthrug, carelessly thrown down before a fireless grate, I walked to the corner of the room where was a dark, narrow, and steep staircase leading to the bedroom above. "May I come up?" I called out at the bottom of the stairs; but getting no answer I groped my way to the top. I knew this room well—bit by bit the neat cottage furniture which the husband had so proudly placed there in those happy days of old, when he and his wife had plighted their troth and hand in hand commenced life's pathway together, had found its way to the pawnbroker's shop in the adjoining town, or had been sold to a neighbor for a few coppers to purchase the craved-for drink. Nothing but the bedstead with some blankets upon it, lent for the winter by the village club, a solitary chair, a broken jug, a basin, and a tiny piece of mirror, were left to tell the tale of destitution which had overtaken that once happy home—yes, all this I was prepared to see, but certainly I was not prepared for the awful sight which

met my gaze as I moved towards the bed upon which the occupants of the room were lying, apparently asleep. A fair, curly-haired little boy of four years was stretched upon one side of the bed, and as I smoothed back the curls from his pale, waxen brow, I found the child was dead! On the other side lay another little one, a baby scarcely a week old, and between the two was the mother, breathing heavily, rolling her head upon the bolster and muttering indistinctly, in a state of abject intoxication.

Her husband—a plain-spoken, honest, open-hearted kind of man—was a sailor on a vessel plying between some neighboring ports, and was only able to reach home occasionally. "But," said he to me on one occasion, "what pleasure do you think I get in coming home? Home! home!" repeated he, with an emphatic clench of the fist; "Home! it's only another name for hell to me. I am glad to get back to my bunk on board the vessel, glad to turn in at a public house to smoke a pipe o' baccy in peace, and get a chat with some mate to pass the time away. What can I do? I am obliged to give my wife money, if it's only for the sake of the child. I can't be here to see how it's spent, yet I know the publican will get the best part of it. I have tried every way with her, but it's no use. I am driven to the verge of desperation sometimes, and were it not for the sake of my poor little one I should have gone right away abroad long ago." And I well remember how, when the man had finished, he fairly broke down, and how the big tears coursed down his manly face, as he spoke of the

burden he had to carry through life. "I'd do anything—give anything—to see her different, that I would. Ah! when she's out of the drink there isn't a nicer woman anywhere; and when I married her there wasn't a cleaner, tidier, brighter girl in all the village—and now look what she's come to!"

"And what would he think if he were here now?" I thought, as I stood stunned and motionless in that wretched, dreary room. How fond he was of taking that little curly-haired boy with him across the green fields when he came home the previous summer, and how I had seen him romp and play with the child, as if all the joy the world held for him were wrapped up in that little fellow. He was very proud of him too, in all the darkness the one ray of light that cheered his lonely life! And now he was gone—"What will he say?" thought I.

But it was no time for reverie, and hastily recovering myself I went down stairs, called in a kind-hearted woman living near, talked over the situation with her, and, after giving some instructions, left.

Another scene presented itself when I called next day. Hours before the poor mother had awakened from her drunken delirium, and even the bloated nurse had not found it in her heart to ply her again with drink, as she witnessed the bitterness of the grief which held its sway over that poor woman's soul. There was still the magic ring of a mother's heart left, and its agony in bereavement is one of those painful sights which one would give almost anything one possessed in the world to escape witnessing.

"Oh, my boy! my precious

boy!" cried the distracted mother, as she kissed and hugged the lifeless body in her arms—"You told me God was good," she cried, turning to me with a frenzied look in her face. "You told me God was good—it's a lie, it's a lie, or He'd never have taken my boy. I'll never forgive Him, never, no, never!"

I waited until the paroxysm had partly subsided, and then quietly said, "There was a father once, whom God speaks about, who lost all his sons in one day; and in the midst of his sorrow this is what he said, 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord.'" (Job i. 21). There was a dead silence, save for the sobbing of the poor woman. For fully five minutes the silence continued, when, turning to me, she said "Please ask God to make me a better woman."

"I have asked for something better than that for you," I replied.

"Have you," said the woman, bending earnestly forward in the bed, "what was that?"

"I have asked God not only that you might be a better woman in this world, but that you might be saved out and out for the next."

"Do you think He'll do it?" she eagerly asked.

"Oh, yes," I answered, "It was expressly to save sinners that God sent His Son, Jesus Christ, into the world—He died upon the cross for that purpose, and bore the sins of every one who believes in Him; but it is so difficult to persuade people that they need a Saviour; so difficult to make them believe in a Saviour's love. Do you know," I said, looking earnestly into her face, "I think God has taken your little boy home to Himself, that He might draw you

too; it's all in His love, depend upon it."

She buried her face in her hands and wept bitterly for a few minutes. "What can I do, then, to be saved?" she at length asked.

"Only trust Him," I replied. "But what about the life I have led?"

"The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." (1 John i. 7.)

"Well, I will trust Him," she earnestly remarked.

I saw she meant it, and I knelt by the bedside and prayed to the God of Love and Power on behalf of this poor weak, weak lamb.

* * * *

No tidings could be heard of the husband; his vessel had left one of the West of England harbors more than a week before, but it was supposed she had put in somewhere for shelter, as it had been a stormy time and the Channel was rougher than it had been for several years.

"I wish we could have news," said the nurse one day, "the poor soul keeps calling out for Bill, and she's so afraid he won't see the little dear before he's buried."

"Does she get any stronger?" I asked.

"Not much. She won't take any nourishment; only yesterday a lady sent her some port wine, but she wouldn't touch it; she said all such stuff had been the curse of her life, and she'd have no more."

"I am glad to hear of a resolve like that," I remarked. "We can leave the rest with God, He'll do what's best."

"But only think of her saying that!" exclaimed the garrulous old woman. "Why, her husband has tried everything with her, and it hasn't been a bit of good. Once

some one got her to take the pledge and she broke it two hours after, but ever since the day you prayed with her she's been another woman."

"I hope she has Christ now," I answered.

* * * *

The day of the funeral arrived, and Bill had not come home! Oh that poor mother, how my heart bled for her! I spent an hour or two with her before the undertaker came, and tried to soothe her a little in her distress. She was able to sit up by the fireside, and the little baby of a fortnight old helped, in its own unconscious, innocent way, to turn the thoughts of the sorrowing mother from the cloud of gloom which hung above and in front of her.

"I told you the other day," I said, "of what a *father*, in the Bible, said when he lost all his sons. I will read you from the same Book of a *mother* who lost her only boy." I opened the 4th chapter of the second book of Kings, 18th verse: "And when the child was grown, it fell on a day that he went out to his father to the reapers. And he said unto his father, My head, my head! And he said to a lad, Carry him to his mother. And when he had taken him, and brought him to his mother, he sat on her knees till noon, and then died. And she went up, and laid him on the bed of the man of God, and shut the door upon him, and went out. . . . And she came unto the man of God to Mount Carmel. And it came to pass, when the man of God saw her afar off, that he said to Gehazi his servant, Behold, yonder is that Shunammite; run now, I pray thee, to meet her; and say unto her, Is it well with thee? Is it well with thy husband?"

Is it well with the child? And she answered, *It is well*."

"Can you say that?" I asked, turning to her, as she bent forward whilst I read the story. She hesitated a moment and then replied, "Yes, I am sure I can; something seems to tell me that God is doing all this, and I *will* trust Him, yes, I will."

Then footsteps were heard on the stairs, there was a knock at the bedroom door, and the moment for parting had come, the last longing look, the last kiss, and the little coffin was borne to its resting place in the village churchyard, until that day when "they that are in their graves shall hear His voice, and shall come forth."

But Bill had not come home!

* * * *

The wind had been blowing hard all day, and the huge black clouds gathered themselves together in the sky like monster battalions preparing for battle, and as it drew on towards evening the lightning burst out in vivid flashes, and peals of thunder echoed along the hill-tops like the cannonade of an artillery battery. "We are going to have a wild night in the Channel to-night," said an old weather-beaten sailor whom I met; "I fancy I saw some craft out westward this afternoon, but I lost sight of her again; if she isn't in dock by this time it will go hard with her."

"Have you heard anything of Bill's vessel?" I asked. "Not a word. She was due more than a week ago; but I've just been in to get my jack-boots and reefer, and am off to the beach to see if anything's stirring." "I will come with you," I remarked, and off we started. The beach was two miles distant, and we trudged on silent-

ly (for talking was out of the question) against a stormy, gusty head-wind, which every now and then seemed to almost lift us off our feet, and on reaching the shore found that a crowd of anxious persons had gathered together and were straining their eyes seaward; for, a short distance out, a vessel was struggling hard against the storm, and every now and then, when the lightning lit up the scene, it was noticed that one or two men were clinging to the solitary mast that was left; and unless help were speedily given all must be lost.

Three times they had tried to launch the life-boat; three times had the huge breakers tossed it back again like a piece of cork, and the men looked helplessly at one another. "Try *once* more, boys!" said the old sailor who accompanied me, "don't let those poor fellows drop into eternity without another struggle to save them."

"Now then!" And a lusty cheer went up as the life-boat cleared the surf and was at last on its way to the rescue.

It seemed like hours whilst we were anxiously waiting for the return of the life-boat; but when a brilliant flash of lightning revealed the fact that she was on her way back with the rescued crew, the excitement knew no bounds, and every one rushed to the jetty to render any aid they could to the half-frozen mariners and their brave rescuers. One by one the exhausted men were helped out; I knew them all, they were Bill's companions, and his vessel was home at last!

"Is Bill there?" I eagerly asked as I took the hand of the mate.

"No," said he, "we are all saved but him; we were just

rounding the cliff when an awful sea met us, which shook every timber in the little craft, and we gave up for lost; she soon righted herself and got through it, but when we looked round we found that one of our masts, to which poor Bill had been clinging, was carried away, and he with it."

My heart sank within me. How could I break the news to that anxious, waiting wife? It was barely three weeks since her little Willie was taken from her, and now to find herself a widow!

I hurried back, for I felt there was no time to be lost; bad news travels quickly, and she might hear of it from another source in a way that would affect her seriously in her weak condition.

She was sitting downstairs when I entered, and a comfortable fire was burning in the grate. The room had been cleaned down, and with two or three simple articles of furniture, which had been given her by some friends, looked quite cosy—a decided contrast to its appearance a month before. I took a seat and we talked of the wild night. "I do wish Bill would come home," she said; "a night like this makes me feel very timid, and it's such a time now since we had tidings of his vessel. I long to see him, if it's only to tell him how sorry I am for the past, and to let him know I have made a fresh start in life. But I dread to tell him about little Willie, it will break his heart." And the poor woman sobbed bitterly for a few moments.

"Now, I want to ask you a question," I said. "Suppose you never saw Bill again—suppose he were lost on one of these stormy nights—could you still trust God?" "Well, do you know," she answered, "that's the very thing I

have been thinking over all this day, and I have been wondering if such a thing might happen, and how I could bear it."

"But you believe that even *such* a thing God would allow for your blessing?"

"Ah!" she answered, with a faint smile. "I am sure God makes no mistakes."

I let the smile play itself out on her features, I dared not spoil it; and I still hesitated what to do.

Then I opened my Bible and said "This is what a prophet said in a time of trial long ago: 'Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation. The Lord God is my strength.'" (Hab. iii. 17, 18.)

"That is beautiful," she said, "will you please put a pencil mark to that in my Bible?"

"Now," I said, "if God puts your faith to the test, you will be able to say with Job, 'When He hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold.'" (Job xxiii. 10.)

Then bit by bit I told her the sorrowful tale, and that now she had none to look to but the God of the fatherless and the widow, who would never leave nor forsake her. It all seemed like a dream to her, and she hardly appeared to realise it when I bid her good-bye.

* * * *

Week after week had rolled away, the poor widow had bravely borne her sorrow, and by means of a little work, in one way and another, had contrived to keep herself and child, and add a few

comforts to the home, which she still kept together.

Ever since that eventful day of which I have spoken, the drink and she had parted company, and she was already winning respect in the district, and her home assuming an appearance of respectability which it had not worn for many a long day. I often thought as I looked in, "Would that Bill could have seen this but once before his departure from this world! God's ways are inexplicable, but He makes no mistakes."

Nearly three months had rolled by, winter was almost over, and the time of the singing of birds was drawing near. I had been called out to a village a mile or two distant from my home, and when midway, on the quiet country road, I saw a thin, pale man stand resting against a post. I seemed to know the face, and the man himself appeared to start as I said "Good morning" and passed by. But something about the man made me turn again and take another look. He smiled, and the smile was familiar.

"I know your face," I remarked, walking up to him.

"So you ought, sir," said the man.

"What does this mean?" I cried in blank astonishment.

"Did you think I was dead?" he laughingly inquired.

"Surely it isn't Bill?"

"It is though, every inch of him," he replied; "I suppose you thought I was wrecked. I thought I was myself, but 'God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform,' as the little hymn says. I was washed overboard with the mast to which I was holding on, and, of course, the mast floated on the waves and I floated too. We were not far from shore when

the sea met us and I was dashed high up on the beach, and was picked up insensible by some kind fisher-folk who were watching the storm."

"But why didn't you send word somehow about it, Bill?"

"The fact was, I was struck on the head when the waves dashed me on the beach, and I was given up for lost. I was quite unconscious for a long time, and my life was despaired of. The good folk watched me day and night, in turns, and the old man in whose house I stayed—such an earnest Christian—prayed to God on my behalf continually. When the fever left me and I became sensible again, I thought about home, but I found that I had been ill so long that I knew I should be looked upon as lost, and I thought it would be better to wait than send a message, as I should soon be well and able to come back myself. But though as each day came along I hoped to get home, yet each day I found myself too weak; and now nearly three months have gone by, and I suppose I have long been mourned as dead."

"Ah," I said, "some changes have occurred since you were home last, and it was indeed in God's love that you have been kept so long away."

"Aye," he replied enthusiastically, "I can say that, for I have learned in my illness what I never knew before, I have learned to love God and to know that God loves me."

"What!" I cried, seizing his hand, "has your soul been saved as well as your body?"

"Aye," he said, "that's just it, I'm saved, and have eternal life through Jesus Christ."

"Which news shall I tell him first," thought I, "the good or

the bad?" He noticed my hesitation and said, "I'm afraid you have some bad news; has anything gone wrong with my wife?"

"No, no," I said, "I *have* bad news, but not about your wife—it is all good news of her;" and I told him the story of her conversion. The man's excitement knew no bounds, and he wanted to dash off at once for home.

"Stop, Bill, I must tell you the other side of the story, and how it all came about."

Then I gently told him of little Willie's death.

Poor fellow! he buried his face in his hands and wept bitterly. "Dear little chap! I was so fond of him," he cried.

"But," I said, putting my hand on his shoulder, "God makes no mistakes. Come, and I will go back with you"—and we went.

As we neared the village I said, "Now, you must wait a moment while I prepare your wife, your sudden coming may be too much for her." So leaving him in an adjoining cottage, I entered the house to which so much interest was attached.

It was just tea-time, the kettle was singing on the hob, and the tea things were laid on the table. "You look very cosy," I said, sitting down; "wouldn't it be nice if Bill were here to keep you company?"

With a sad smile the poor woman replied, "Yes, but it's no use hoping for that now; there is one thing I often wish for, though, that I could have been certain he was converted before he was taken away."

"Well," I replied, "nothing is impossible with God, even to His bringing Bill back again."

The woman looked up quickly; then her countenance fell again as

she said, half doubtingly, "Oh, yes, I know God *can* do anything—but——"

"Anyhow," I said, "you won't mind my bringing in a friend to take a cup of tea with you, will you?"

"Oh, no," she answered, "wait a moment and I'll put on a clean cloth and brush up the fire-place."

"And here is a cake that I've brought to make your table look a little more furnished."

I slipped out and called Bill, who was anxiously awaiting the summons, and preceding him I opened the door, saying, "I have brought my friend, I think you know him."

"Mary!"

"Bill!"

They were in each other's arms. Then I gently closed the door and left them.

Years have rolled by since then; and there isn't a happier home in the West of England than Bill's. Another curly-haired little fellow plays at his father's knee, and if ever the fond parents look back upon the past, it is only to burst out with thankful hearts in praise to the God who never makes mistakes.

The Good Sea Captain.

He daily sees God's wonders in the deep. Tell me, ye naturalists, who sounded the first march and retreat to the tide, "hither shalt thou come and no farther?" Whence came the salt, and who first boiled it, which made so much brine? When the winds are wild in storm, even stark mad in a hurricane, who is it that restores them again to their rest and brings them a sleep in a calm? Who made the mighty whales, who swim in a sea of water, and have a sea of oil

swimming in them? . . . Whence grows the ambergris in the sea, which is not so hard to find where it is, as to know what it is? Was not God the first shipwright, and all vessels on the water descended from the ribs of Noah's Ark? What loadstone first touched the loadstone, or how first fell it in love with the north, rather than east, south or west? How comes that stone to know more than men, and find the way to land in a mist?—*Thomas Fuller, 1648.*

The Nautilus does not Sail.

"This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main,"

says Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. Pope advises :

"Learn of the little nautilus to sail,
Spread the thin oar and catch the driving gale."

Webster's dictionary says it is "a kind of shell fish furnished with a membrane that [which] serves it as a sail." Thus is perpetuated the fable that the nautilus floats on the surface of the sea

with concave side of its shell upward, and that it holds out some of its arms after the manner of sails to catch the breeze, and directs its course with the remainder by using them as oars. Aristotle believed this, and it has been a favorite simile for poets ever since; but naturalists know that the hard-shelled nautilus and the thin-shelled argonaut float through, not on, the water, that the arms are packed together in a straight line to serve for a rudder, and that a stream of water underneath drives them along. And when these shellfish crawl along the bottom, the so-called boat is inverted like the shell of a snail.—*The Mistakes we Make.*

REPENTANCE without amendment has been compared to continual pumping in a ship without stopping the leaks. If we put off repentance another day, we have a day more to repent of and a day less to repent in. Repentance must be complete. It is not enough to stop two leaks in the ship and leave the third open.

WORK AMONG SEAMEN.

CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

At Stations on the Foreign Field.

Sweden.

HELSINGBORG.

Mr. K. I. BERG writes on July 1:

Helsingborg is built on a narrow strip of shore, bordered on the east by a rise of land of about a hundred feet, and on the west by the sea, so that, though it has only about 25,000 inhabitants, its extension on the north and south is very large,

about three English miles. It often happens that sailors live in the north part of the town and in the south. The outermost part of the suburb is about half an hour from the town and up hill all the way. Sailors have also settled in a new quarter of the town called Wilson Park, because the rents are cheaper. The hospital also lies on the hill in the east. From all this you will easily see that I must take many and long walks when I

want to visit the sailors in order to invite them to our meetings, or try to be of some use to them in some way or other. Good legs and a not too heavy body are necessary, and I am glad that in these requisites I am well endowed.

This place is much visited by sailors from all parts of the country, partly because the commerce of the town itself is rather great, and partly because it is the place of passage to the continent from a great deal of the south of Sweden.

My time is divided between visiting the vessels in the harbor, the lodging houses in the town and its environs, the hospital and the place where we have our meetings. A Sailors' Home we have not got yet, though it is very much needed, and the prospects were so promising some time ago that in my delight I wrote to you about the matter—sorry to say too early. Difficulties have been met with, and the building, which I thought was meant to begin in the spring last year, is not yet commenced, to my real sorrow and a real loss to the mission among sailors here.

Number of ships in port since last statement, 631; religious services held, 39; average attendance of seamen at religious services, 15, of others, 5; religious visits to hospitals, 26, on ships, 658, in boarding houses, 150; Testaments distributed, 60, tracts, &c., 1,500.

STOCKHOLM.

Mr. J. T. HEDSTROM writes on June 30:

Going from vessel to vessel I have found sailors longing after a better life than the life of sin. All the crew and officers of a great Spanish ship received books and Testaments with thanks. Among this crew was a lad who when he saw that the Testament was in his own language commenced at once to read it. After that time I found him ashore and he was reading it. At a subsequent feast he was reading it. In the beginning of May I gave to another Spanish sailor a portion of the Bible, and from that time I saw him always reading it. Sometimes he shouted when he saw me "This is a blessed book." In another ship I found the whole crew on the main-batch. The short sermon given made a blessed impression on their hearts. In many other ships one or two sailors have been glad to hear the gospel. My experience is that as soon as a sailor is separated from his shipmates he is with few exceptions susceptible to the influence of the gospel.

At our new mission at Vartan the Lord has blessed our meetings. We have had some entertainments for the sailors where we have served out coffee and tea with cakes. We rejoice to state that many have been blessed.

We got a letter from a sailor who received a book-bag last year, and in one of the books he learned that the Lord forgives transgressions and he received pardon and peace. After that time he began to lead others to Jesus. After awhile he had the joy of seeing four of his shipmates come to Jesus. I had the opportunity of speaking with one of them at the Sailors' Home.

Average attendance of seamen at religious services, 25; visits to ships, 419; book-bags placed on board ships, 100; portions of the Bible distributed to sailors, 125, Testaments, 40, tracts, 5,212.

Germany.

HAMBURG.

Extracts from the annual report for 1899:

The amount of work and the results attained have been satisfactory, but only in proportion to the funds at our disposal.

The object aimed at by the committee is a very definite one, and consists of work in the Institute and on the ships. Our report, so far as concerns the former branch, is very satisfactory, and with the exception of one or two small details the work could scarcely be more effectually accomplished by a greater expenditure of money; but, as regards the second branch, work on the ships, our report is satisfactory only in a relative degree. Many ships have to be visited, and a large area traversed in order to reach them. The time at the disposal of our port missionary, after the performance of his other duties, is by no means sufficient for this work.

To do the work adequately for which our Institute exists, we require an assistant port missionary, the greater part of whose time should be occupied in visiting in the harbor, especially on board the sailing vessels; and to enable him to do this work effectually a steam launch must be constantly at his disposal.

There is one more matter to be attended to before a report by your committee can be absolutely satisfactory; we refer to our new venture, the officers' room.

This room was opened last July at the request of a large number of officers. It has been well furnished and provided with a fine billiard table. The efforts we have thus made to meet the wishes of officers have certainly been appreciated, and we feel sure that those who benefit by this room would not like to regard this part of our work as charity, but as a useful scheme to which they are all willing to contribute. The annual cost of this room, including rent, heating, lighting, cleaning, and interest on money expended in furniture, will be about £50. The billiard table is likely to bring in £21, and it is hoped that officers will become subscribers for the remainder.

With regard to the actual work of the Institute last year we may say that it has been encouraging in all its branches. The general attendance of seamen was 16,442. The circumstance that the British consulate and the Institute are under the same roof is most fortunate, and the kind thought of all members of the consulate in sending men up to the Institute has contributed in no slight degree to the large annual attendance.

Great activity has been shown on the part of our port missionary in visiting ships, and we have satisfactory evidence that very many of those who attend have availed themselves of the benefits offered by the Institute, have been present at the Sunday services and the Sunday teas, have written to or received letters from their friends, have been supplied with good reading, and helped in a multitude of ways as individual cases required.

Concerts have been held during the winter months and occasional magic lantern entertainments given. With respect to the latter, we feel that much more might be done if some kind friend would present the Institute with a really good modern lantern, capable of showing the best slides illustrative of travels, adventures, or scientific discovery.

The Christmas and New Year entertainments, thanks to the hearty co-operation of the members of both churches, were very successful. Her Majesty's consul-general presided at the dinner and concert on boxing day. Every one lamented the inability of Mr. CHAPLIN to be present at the Institute festivities owing to a serious illness, and kind expressions of sympathy with him were made at each concert. At the dinner and concert on New Year's Day Mr. RENTON presided, and on each occasion a number of the friends of the Institute sat down

to dinner and assisted at the entertainment.

The finances again show an improvement notwithstanding the loss of rent. This loss will, we believe, only be quite temporary. There has been a slight increase in the subscriptions, and the year closes with a balance in hand of m. 1,010. 59.

The committee desire to express once more their very hearty thanks to the British and Foreign Sailors' Society in London, and to the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY in New York, for their continued support, and to all the kind friends who have in any way shown sympathy with the good work which it is the object of the committee to accomplish.

Italy.

NAPLES.

MR. GEORGE BELL writes on June 1:

Since I wrote you last we have day by day been seeking the spiritual good of the sailors. I should like to be able to report that many have been converted to God, but this I dare not say. However, I can say with truth, that Christ has been preached to those whose lives are spent upon the sea, and we hope and pray that hearts may be opened to receive Him. We know that impressions for good have been made, and that some of those we have met on board ship and at the Bethel have gone on their way rejoicing.

During the past few months we have had fewer ships than usual, still we have had good meetings; and I can, as a rule, have a chat with the men individually. When a ship is leaving port I try to see everybody on board, from captain to cabin-boy, so that I may shake hands and speak a kindly word. We had an American war ship here for a few days. I did not succeed in getting any of the sailors to the Bethel, but I had the opportunity of talking with them on board and giving them some good books. We make every effort to interest the men in the Bible, and I find that some who are not Christians read it regularly. One sailor told me that he was converted at sea through reading the Bible. No one had spoken to him about his soul, but reading the promises of the gospel, he said "Why should I not be a Christian?" and so he sought and found the Saviour.

Not long ago I was on board a foreign steamer. The chief engineer was the only English-speaking person on the ship. I asked him how he spent his spare time; he said that he had read his Bible more than ever he had done before, and found it to be full of interest. He began at Genesis and was reading it word for word. It taught me a useful lesson, as I generally felt inclined to skip the chapters with the long list of names. The Italians have a saying that the appetite increases with eating, and I am sure that this principle applies to the reading of the Bible. I shall try more than ever to get the sailors interested in the book of books.

We had a large gathering of sailors and passengers at the Bethel last Sunday evening. The Rev. Mr. PATON, and two other Norwegians, on their way to the South Sea Islands, were present and gave earnest addresses; Dr. BARNETT, the surgeon of one of the mail steamers, also preached an interesting discourse. On visiting one of the ships on the following day, some who had not been with us, told me that the captain had told them how much they had missed by not being there, and that it was a meeting to be remembered for a lifetime. And when I went to the fore-castle the sailors said "Hadn't we a fine meeting last night, sir?" It is pleasant to find men interested in our meetings; it is an encouragement not to be weary in well-doing. We pray that the work here and in the other ports throughout the world may be abundantly blessed. I always read the *SAILORS' MAGAZINE* with pleasure, and often find some valuable hints for my work in this place.

Religious services held in chapel, 66, on shipboard, 12; attendance at religious services, 1,650; religious visits to hospitals, 85, on ships, 720; Bibles and Testaments distributed, 12, tracts and books, about 5,000.

Japan.

NAGASAKI.

Mr. JOHN MAKINS writes on June 18:

Our work among the seamen is prospering; occasionally a sailor gets saved from sin. We have had some profitable meetings on board the U. S. S. *New Orleans*, a good attendance greeted us every Sunday morning for three months. Dr. F. E. CLARK paid us a visit when passing

through Japan in March; we enjoyed his visit and helpful words. Mr. CHARLES H. MOSLEY, formerly Floating Christian Endeavor Captain for State of Maine, arrived in Nagasaki on June 2 to help me in this great work for Jack. Mr. MOSLEY loves the sailor boys, and with his valuable assistance we hope to do much good in the future. My real trouble has been lack of a helper, one in sympathy with the work.

While talking with a sailor who was in the Home recently, he told me how hard it was to lead a Christian life on board ship. He said he had never lost his hope in God, though he had had some hard experiences trying to cling to it. He said a man could get a Bible anywhere these days, and if a fellow wanted to be true to his Master he could, as there are many helps along the way. Quoting him exactly, "Religion is cheap now; it isn't like it used to be with the Bibles all chained up; you can get Bibles anywhere from China to Africa." Many of these sailor Christians need the courage of Daniel to stick to their convictions.

A member of our society who is a man-o'-war's man told me about his Christian experience. He said, "It was six years ago that I was converted; I was picked up from the wayside by a young woman and taken to my home. A few weeks later I saw her again when she invited me to church, which invitation I accepted. My parents and forefathers have been infidels; of course I knew nothing of the Bible and its promises. When my father heard of my going to church and getting saved he thrashed me severely, and every time I went I was thrashed. Leaving home I joined the British navy and found I was the only professing Christian on the ship. I asked the commander if I could hold meetings with the crew. His first question was 'How many are on your side?' I replied 'There are two of us.' 'Who is the other one?' he inquired. 'The Lord,' I replied. He seemed not to understand and asked again if there was another beside myself. I told him I was alone with the Lord to help me. He said he would give me permission to hold meetings for three months, but if at the end of that time I had no one else beside the Lord, the privilege would be discontinued.

The lad went to a group of ten sailors and said "Now, men, I want to start a meeting on this ship and would like to have you all help me sing." Eight out of ten went to the meeting, and at the

close of the first month one convert was added. Two months rolled by and on the evening of the last day of grace two more made a start. The next morning the commander called up the young man and asked him how many he had, not counting the Lord. The boy, full of encouragement, answered, "Four, sir." The commander then permitted him to hold meetings every night.

I told the young man I would be on board his ship the next morning and asked where I would find him. He replied, "Just ask any one of the crew for Hallelujah Bill, and they will direct you to me." On going aboard I did as he requested and the sailor I asked said, "Oh! I know who you mean, he is right up there at No. 2 port gun." The impression I received is that the young man is letting his light shine amid all kinds of stumbling blocks and persecutions. A Christian surgeon on board told me that the lad is a very faithful Christian and was the backbone of the work. Two weeks ago we held a meeting in the gospel room of the Home especially for our Christian friend and shipmates whom he has been trying to reach; one of them was converted that night.

I have been trying to get some news from China for this letter, but I am like thousands in China, who hear very little of the things that are happening in other provinces. Just now the troubles are caused by the Boxers, supposed to be the Empress's right hand men, their real motive is murder and robbery, especially the murder of foreigners and "progressionists." A friend of mine from North China tells me he had to stay in his house while a missionary friend was being cut to pieces in the street near by. He wanted to go out but was not allowed to do so as he could have been of no possible help, it would have only added one more to the list of victims. The trouble could be stopped if the Chinese officials would execute the leaders, but when a leader is caught he can then buy a substitute to die in his place. Just now some of our war ships, with those from other nations, are landing soldiers; about 7,000 are landed already. We are expecting to hear of the massacre of many missionaries and others and await news with anxiety.

Korea is coming to the front as a field for successful mission work. Many are coming to a knowledge of the Lord. Churches are being built with native money. It is only thirteen or fourteen years since the gospel came to Korea and

the growth of Christianity in that time is certainly wonderful. All of Korea has not been touched by the gospel, but lines of evangelistic work are being pushed. The great need to-day is more instructors for the native Christian. The next five years would be very profitable even if used only for the building up of the native church.

Japan is now trying to collect the first taxes from foreigners, and great dissatisfaction prevails because of the heavy taxes imposed. It cost me about \$25 U. S. gold per year, and I do not own any property either. It is simply an outrage the way we are taxed; it looks as though they wanted foreigners to leave Japan, or possibly they want us to keep up their country financially.

According to the reports from the last Methodist conference for the island, mission work has improved and a thirty-three and one-third per cent. advance has been made along the line of self support. The fund for our bath house is increasing slowly and much more is needed to complete the work planned. I would be pleased if friends of this work would help along this much needed adjunct by sending a money order for any amount, small or large. When we get the baths in running order it means not only greater comfort for sailors and soldiers, but also an additional means towards making the Home self supporting.

June 28. The English torpedo boat *Whiting* has arrived from Taku, China, for repairs, having been shelled from the forts. The sailors told me that the war ships with light draught shelled the forts and then soldiers from the various ships landed and occupied the place. The Germans captured a Chinese captain who committed suicide. Several officers of different nations and a number of sailors were killed, while quite a number were wounded. Tientsin is being raided by the Boxers, they say all the missions, foreign legations, etc., have been burned, and many foreigners and native Christians have been killed. Foreigners are now trying to reach the war ships at Taku for safety. The men, women and children on board the U. S. S. *Monocacy* cheered the crew of the *Whiting* as she sailed away for Nagasaki. Very unexpectedly the U. S. hospital ship *Solace* arrived from Taku, where she left one hundred marines. She has orders to send her sick men ashore and return to Taku to-day. We who live in this eastern country are very desirous for an early settlement.

At Ports in the United States.

South Carolina.

CHARLESTON.

The Rev. P. A. MURRAY writes on July 13:

I am gradually familiarizing myself with every department of the work, and when business revives this fall I hope to be more successful than in the past. The number of our friends is increasing and I trust before a great while we shall be able to meet every demand upon us. I hope this fall to see a great revival among the seamen. If we can succeed in bringing these men to Christ, they will do a great missionary work.

Number of foreign ships in port since last statement, 11, coastwise, 128; visits to ships, 208, to hospitals, 23, to jail, 1; invitations to chapel services, 411; seamen in reading room, 619, in chapel, 218, others in chapel, 302; seamen at concerts, 114, others, 376; letters written by seamen, 27, received, 10; Bibles put on ships, 6; temperance pledges, 4.

Georgia.

SAVANNAH.

Mr. H. IVERSON writes on July 10:

Number of American ships in port since last statement, 179, all others, 45; religious meetings held in chapel, 49, on board ships, 1; average attendance at the meetings, 29; visits to ships for religious purposes, 121, to hospitals, 12.

The last three months have been quiet in shipping; very few foreign vessels have been here, and our meetings have often had small attendance; at present we have fewer vessels than I have ever seen at this season, but the prospects for shipping in Savannah are very good because the Seaboard Air Line is making a terminal across the river and will without doubt do a big business and bring many vessels here, so I have reason to believe that the mission here will have more to do in the future than in the past, and we are looking to God for grace and strength for the work before us.

I have got in a very good supply of reading matter for the fall work. Mr. LUCAS, of the Anderson Street School, has collected several hundred good maga-

zines and other reading matter and given them to us, and Mr. JAMES H. BATTLE, of St. Mary's House for Sailors in Boston, has kindly sent us a barrel of books and papers.

Alabama.

MOBILE.

The Rev. R. A. MICKLE writes on July 6:

Number of American ships in port since last statement, 13, all others, 64; religious services held in chapel, 7, in hospital, 9; average attendance of seamen at religious services, 7, of others, 7; religious visits to hospital, 6, on ships, 109, in boarding houses, 45; 1 Bible given away, and very many magazines and leaflets.

Two sailors departed this life during the month; one died from consumption and the other was murdered in the city. I conducted the funeral services in both instances. The large-hearted president of the M. & O. R. R. gave a free ticket to a sick sailor from Mobile to St. Louis. Numerous and excellent magazines and books were donated, and meals furnished to the hungry. Several sailors were allowed to sleep at the Bethel. Our new Seamen's Home is progressing. A generous mill-man donated \$35 in lumber for this object. It is believed that when the ladies of the Auxiliary go around with the list of building materials needed they will meet with prompt response in every case. The entertainment and concert this month was fine despite the inclemency of the weather. Upon the four last occasions, in succession, the nights were stormy, but the good work was not interrupted. Our share from the Flower Show was about \$350. It was most opportune for the building fund.

Texas.

GALVESTON.

The Rev. JOHN F. SARNER writes on July 1:

We are still in the harness, but very much hampered on account of unsuitable location. Expecting some improve-

ments on this line at the beginning of next season, we are led to believe that the work among seamen at this port will be of greater efficiency this coming winter than it was the year previous.

Learning that a patient in the hospital was a professional gambler, I felt a strong desire to speak to him about his soul. Speaking with great difficulty he said that a priest had received him into the Catholic Church that very morning and that he was all right. Poor man! His faith seemed to rest in the Catholic Church rather than in Jesus Christ. A few days more and he went to give an account before God.

Another, when I spoke to him, answered, "I am not a religious man, but I have a great respect for Christianity. I have two boys whom I would like to have become good men, but they are rather going in the opposite direction, and it seems impossible to raise good boys in Galveston." I told him that I thought it depended a great deal on the example set by the parents. His eyes had been filled with tears all the time while speaking of his boys; now he cried like a child, saying "I want to become a better man, I want to set a better example." May the God of unbounded love and mercy help him to surrender himself to Christ!

One day when visiting a vessel a young sailor said, "Mr. SARNER, I thank God you came to invite us to church; we have just received an invitation to a house of prostitution a few minutes ago." The devil is alert and his snares are many.

It is fortunate that we have the slack shipping season during the summer months when the hot weather makes it impossible to be as active as during the winter; otherwise it would require three men to do the same work that one is now doing. The SAILORS' MAGAZINE is received and very much appreciated.

Number of American ships in port since last statement, 34, all others, 41; religious services held in chapel, 40, elsewhere, 3; attendance of seamen, 209, of others, 1,029; religious visits to hospitals, 12, on ships, 55, to families and sick people, about 50; 1 Testament, 1 gospel and a large number of tracts, &c., distributed.

Why the number of religious visits on the ships don't come up to the number of vessels in port is because of the smaller coasting vessels being counted in also; some of these may not stay in port six hours; others over night, etc.; frequently I don't know of their brief visit before they are already gone.

Louisiana.

NEW ORLEANS.

Mr. JAMES SHERRARD writes on July 8:

Very few sailors make New Orleans their home, and the ships are scattered along the river front for thirteen miles, and many of them "tie up" on the opposite side of the river, so we are very much in need of a launch to bring the men to the Bethel.

The interior of our church was very much in need of renovation. We sent out one hundred and fifty circulars, principally to ladies, asking them to contribute one dollar each for that purpose. Sixty-three responded, and with the money contributed we were enabled to have the walls handsomely papered, the wood-work stained and varnished a cherry color, and new and more brilliant lights have taken the place of the old ones. We are in hopes a sufficient amount will come in to enable us to carpet the platform and put new matting on the aisles; then we will have a very attractive auditorium.

A mate died in the U. S. Marine Hospital a short time ago. I wrote to his daughter in England, informing her of the fact. It was a great consolation to her to know that I had visited him all during his illness and that he had died trusting in "Him who is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him."

I am very much impressed with the importance of work for the boys and younger men on the ships. If they can be brought to Christ they will grow up temperate, Christian men. While "the Lord's hand is not shortened that it cannot save; neither His ear heavy that it cannot hear," yet when men grow old in sin and hardened in their crimes, few of them have any desire to come unto Him that "they might have life," and "they love darkness rather than light because their deeds are evil."

Ships visited, 167; invitations and tracts distributed on ships, 2,178; sailors using reading room privileges, 1,139; letters written by seamen at Bethel, 269; religious meetings held at the Bethel, 16; sailors in attendance, 89, citizens, 217; 5 entertainments with 250 citizens and 192 sailors present; visits made to sailors in hospital, 26; services held, 19, with a total attendance of 161; papers distributed, 1,659, magazines, 529, Testaments and gospels, 31, comfort bags, 12; lodg-

ings supplied to destitute seamen, 33; Ladies' Auxiliary met twice with 17 present.

Oregon.

ASTORIA.

The Rev. JOHNSTON McCORMAC writes on July 3:

I held service on the *Harlach Castle* last Sunday. We had fourteen sailors present in the forecabin, amongst them four apprentices and the boatswain. I gave them a little talk on John xxi. This being a poor fishing season on the Columbia, and many fishermen after a hard night's fishing feeling like the apostles on that occasion "who toiled all night and caught nothing," there was a good opportunity of contrasting the impotency of man with the omnipotence of Christ. I do think that that is one of the most touchingly tender and eloquent scenes in the whole life of the Saviour. I assure you I had the very best attention while trying to depict it.

Nearly all my other services were in fishermen's boarding houses or at funerals. I attended seven funerals last quarter, four of them being fishermen, two drowned in the Columbia in a squall.

You may see from the number of tracts I distributed last quarter, that I have been pretty busy amongst boarding houses and net racks. The good seed has been sown, and God, I trust, in His own good time will give the increase.

Number of American ships in port since last statement, about 3, all others, about 22; religious services held on shipboard, 5, elsewhere, 15; average attendance of seamen at religious services, 15, of others, 28; religious visits on ships, 26, in boarding houses, 124; tracts, &c., distributed, 10,704.

Washington.

TACOMA.

The following is a summary of the annual report as it appeared in the *Tacoma Daily Ledger*:

During the year ending April 1, 1900, we have held public meetings in the Seamen's Bethel and Institute 156 times, on board ships, 25 times; prayer and flower

mission meetings at the Fanny Paddock hospital on 50 Sundays; religious meetings elsewhere, 45; officiated at 11 funerals; visited ships from 180 to 200 times, to sailors' boarding house, 75 times, to longshoremen's cabins, 200; visits of consolation to the sick, 35; conversions during the year, 23; administered the total abstinence pledge to a number of seamen, and have written many letters to and for seamen and their families. Have collected and distributed about two tons of magazines and papers, supplying large bundles to deep water ships and circulating large quantities of wholesome literature every Sunday forenoon on ships lying in the bay and at the wharves. We have donated forty Bibles and Testaments in six different languages, besides thousands of valuable tracts, a great many in Chinese, Japanese and all European languages.

There have been about 2,000 personal visits to our Bethel reading room, by seamen and millhands mostly, who have availed themselves of the city papers of Tacoma and San Francisco, which have been generously donated by the *Tacoma Daily Ledger*, *Tacoma Evening News*, *San Francisco Call*, *West Coast Trade*, *Wacht am Sunde*. Over 1,500 persons, seamen mostly, have been ministered unto at the Bethel services, and all have been supplied free with letter paper and envelopes, who desired to write home.

The free concerts, socials and stereopticon exhibits at the Seamen's Institute have been a source of much pleasure to the hundreds of seamen and their friends who have availed themselves of these Friday evening entertainments. Especial thanks are tendered to the Y. P. S. C. E. of the First Presbyterian, First Congregational and Emanuel Presbyterian Churches, and to Dauntless Lodge of Good Templars, of Tacoma. This Seamen's Institute, which was formally opened in October, 1899, had its inception through the lively interest taken in the men of the sea by the president, ALEXANDER BAILLIE, and the firm of BALFOUR, GUTHRIE & Co., of which he is a member.

This Institute is a decided success, and the bluejackets look forward eagerly for their recreating and social ministries. Altogether the Bethel and Institute are in good and effective operation. Everyone who reads this report should know that by the frugal management and economical methods of chaplain and Mrs. R. S. STUBBS, the entire expenses for the

year for the conduct of the work are less than \$750, which includes what is allowed for the support of the chaplain.

The Tacoma *Evening News* says:

The past year has been one of marked prosperity in all departments. Meetings have been well attended. Many seamen have taken the pledge of total abstinence; quite a number have consecrated themselves to God, trusting in the Saviour; and the social gatherings at the Seamen's Institute have been seasons of gladness and helpfulness to many seamen who have availed themselves of the entertainments, furnished principally by the Young People's societies of the city churches. It is believed that the society launches out on a sea of much promise and increasing usefulness, and the best wishes of our citizens will follow our chaplain and his devoted wife, true friends of seamen.

Chaplain STUBBS writes:

Capt. EVERETT GRIGGS and F. R. S. BALFOUR were appointed to inform the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY that chaplain R. S. STUBBS had been elected to serve as chaplain during the ensuing year, and to ask the usual confirmation of such election. The thanks of the Tacoma Seamen's Friend Society are forwarded also by said committee for the financial aid afforded to the Bethel at this port, and for the donation of SAILORS' MAGAZINES for free distribution among ships and friends of the cause.

Let much prayer be offered for the devoted band in Seattle, who, under the lead of Mr. and Mrs. PAUL FARMER, have for so many years carried forward the Bethel and mission work in that city, that an efficient and converted seaman may be found to carry forward this work in Seattle and Port Blakely.

The Planets for September, 1900.

MERCURY will not be visible.

VENUS will be a very fine object in the morning sky; slightly decreasing in brilliancy, and furthest from the Sun September 17.

MARS will be visible in the morning but will not be conspicuous.

JUPITER will be visible in the south-west in the early evening.

SATURN will be visible in the south and south-west in the evening; will be close to the Moon, September 30.

Princeton.

T. R.

Sailors' Home, New York.

190 CHERRY STREET.

Reported by Capt. H. O. Appleby, Lessee, for the month of

JULY, 1900.

Total arrivals..... 30

Receipts for July, 1900.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Milford, bequest of Miss Christiana Moore, late of Milford, N. H., per J. E. Foster, executor..... \$500 00

VERMONT.

North Bennington, Mrs. S. D. Jennings..... 10 00

CONNECTICUT.

Berlin, Second Congregational Ch... 16 25
Clinton, First Congregational Ch.... 5 00
Danielson, Westfield Congregational Church and Congregation 9 03
Haddam, First Congregational Ch... 18 00
Hartford, First Congregational Ch.. 39 92
Wapping, Congregational Sunday School, for a loan library..... 20 00

NEW YORK.

New York City, collections from the steamers of the International Navigation Co.'s lines, received per R. G. Phillips, cashier..... 126 61
Income from Helen Lefferts Prime Memorial Libraries Fund, for libraries 40 40
Miss Emma Bogardus, for two libraries, one of which in memoriam Mrs. Mary A. Bogardus ... 40 00
One-half of the concert collection taken July 7 on board the S. S. Minneapolis of the Atlantic Transport line, for the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, received per Rev. Dr. Stoddard..... 10 25
Capt. Watt, of schooner *Atrato*, of Halifax, N. S., for library work... 1 00
Capt. A. T. Loveland, of schooner *John R. Fell*, of Philadelphia, Pa., for library work..... 1 00
Capt. Pattangall, of schooner *Star of the Sea*, for library work..... 1 00
Peekskill, Sunday School of First Presbyterian Church, of which for library, \$25..... 55 67

NEW JERSEY.

Newark, Second Presbyterian Ch.... 12 50
\$956 63

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		Tonnage			Tonnage
ST. LOUIS	Twin Screw	- 11,629	ARAGONIA	- Twin Screw	- 5,065
ST. PAUL	- " "	- 11,629	NOORDLAND	- " "	- 5,065
NEW YORK	- " "	- 10,803	WAESLAND	- " "	- 4,000
PARIS	- " "	- 10,795	PENNLAND	- " "	- 3,000
KENSINGTON	- " "	- 8,669	BELGENLAND	- " "	- 3,000
SOUTHWARK	- " "	- 8,607	RHYNLAND	- " "	- 3,000
FRIESLAND	- " "	- 7,116	NEDERLAND	- " "	- 2,000
WESTERNLAND	- " "	- 5,736	SWITZERLAND	- " "	- 2,000

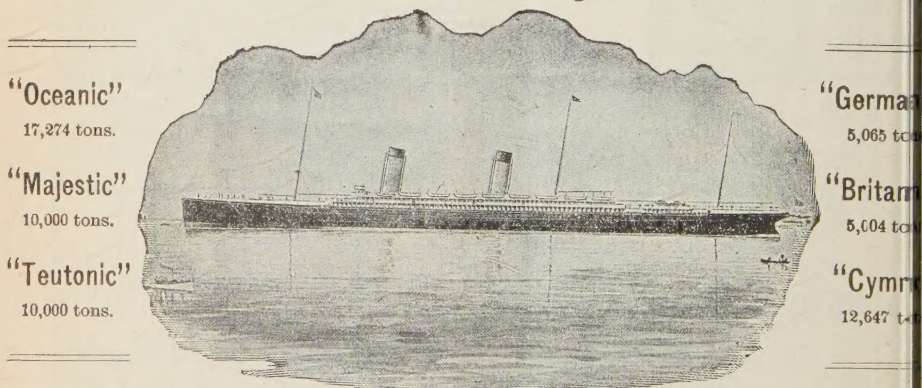
BUILDING.

		Tonnage			Tonnage
VADERLAND	Twin Screw	- 12,000	MERION	- Twin Screw	- 10,000
ZEELAND	- " "	- 12,000	(A STEAMER)	- " "	- 12,000
HAVERFORD	- " "	- 10,000	(A STEAMER)	- " "	- 12,000

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Italy: Genoa.....	Genoa Harbor Mission, Rev. Donald Miller.
Naples.....	Naples Harbor Mission, Rev. T. Johnstone Irving.
India: Bombay.....	Seamen's Rest, Rev. F. Wood, Superintendent.
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Nagasaki.....	John Makins.
Chile: Valparaiso.....	Rev. Frank Thompson.
Argentina: Buenos Ayres.....	Buenos Ayres Sailors' Home, G. L. Chamberlain.
Rosario.....	Rosario Sailors' Home and Mission, F. Ericsson.
Uruguay: Montevideo.....	Montevideo Harbor Mission, Rev. G. P. Howard.
Paraguay: Funchal.....	Mission to Sailors and Sailors' Rest, Rev. W. G. Smart.
Massachusetts: Gloucester.....	Gloucester Fishermen's Institute, Rev. E. C. Charlton.
Connecticut: New Haven.....	Woman's Sea, Friend Soc'y of Connecticut, Rev. J. O. Bergh.
New York: Sailors' Home.....	Capt. Wm. Dollar.
Brooklyn U. S. Navy Yard.....	Rev. G. B. Cutler.
Virginia: Norfolk.....	Norfolk Port Society, Rev. J. B. Merritt.
North Carolina: Wilmington.....	Wilmington Port Society, Rev. M. A. Barber.
South Carolina: Charleston.....	Charleston Port Society, Rev. P. A. Murray.
Florida: Pensacola.....	Pensacola Port Society, Henry C. Cushman.
Georgia: Savannah.....	Savannah Port Society, H. Iverson.
Alabama: Mobile.....	Mobile Port Society, Rev. R. A. Mickle.
Texas: Galveston.....	Galveston Seamen's Friend Society, Rev. J. F. Sarner.
Louisiana: New Orleans.....	New Orleans Port Society, James Sherrard.
Oregon: Portland.....	W. S. Fletcher.
Astoria.....	Rev. J. McCormac.
Washington: Tacoma.....	Tacoma Seamen's Friend Society, Rev. R. S. Stubbs.
Seattle.....	Seattle Seamen's Friend Society.
Port Townsend.....	Port Townsend Seamen's Friend Society, C. L. Terry.

<i>Location.</i>	<i>Established by</i>	<i>Keepers,</i>
Portsmouth, N. H., No. 104 Market St ..	Seamen's Aid Society	Rev. J. O. Cornish.
Boston, Mass., N. Sq. Mariners' House ..	Boston Seamen's Aid Society	Capt. J. P. Hatch.
Phineas Stowe Seamen's Home.....	Ladies' Bethel Soc'y, 8 N. Bennett St.	George C. Smith.
East Boston, 120 Marginal St.....	Episcopal City Mission.....	James M. Battles, Supt.
New Bedford, Mass., 14 Bethel Court....	Ladies' Branch N. B. P. S.....	E. Williams.
Providence, R. I., 385 South Main St....	Capt. H. C. Cousins, Supt.
New York, N. Y., 190 Cherry St.....	American Seamen's Friend Society ..	Capt. H. O. Appleby.
52 Market St.....	Epis. Missionary Society for Seamen.	Daniel Montgomery.
Brooklyn, N. Y., 172 Carroll St.....	Scandinavian Sailors' Home.....	Capt. C. Ullenars, Supt.
112 First Place	Finnish Lutheran Seamen's Home..
Philadelphia, Pa., 422 South Front St....	Penn. " ..	Capt. R. S. Lippincott.
Baltimore, Md., 418 South Ann St.....
1737 Thames St	Port Mission, Woman's Auxillary....
Wilmington, N. C., Front and Dock Sts..	Wilmington Port Society	Mr. Christofferson.
Charleston, S. C., 44 Market St	Ladies' Seamen's Friend Society ..	Rev. P. A. Murray.
Mobile, Ala.....	Ladies' Seamen's Friend Society
New Orleans, La.....	New Orleans Seamen's Friend Soc'y
San Francisco, Cal.....	San Francisco Sea. Friend Society ..	Capt. Melvin Staples.
New Haven, Conn.....	Ladies' Seamen's Friend Society ..	Rev. J. O. Bergh, Supt.

Location.	Aided by	Missionaries.
Portland, Me., Fort St., n. Custom House.	Portland Seamen's Friend Society..	Rev. G. Southworth.
Boston, Mass., 332 Hanover St.....	Baptist Bethel Society.....	" Jas. Rea, Ph. D.
Bethel, 287 Hanover St.....	Boston Seamen's Friend Society....	" S. S. Nickerson.
Charlestown, 46 Water St.....	Episcopal City Mission.....	Mr. S. H. King.
East Boston Bethel.....	Methodist.....	Rev. L. B. Bates.
" 120 Marginal St.....	Episcopal City Mission.....	" W. T. Crocker.
Gloucester, Mass., 6 Duncan St.....	Gloucester Fishermen's Institute...	" E. C. Charlton.
New Bedford, Mass.....	New Bedford Port Society.....	" E. Williams.
New Haven Conn., Bethel, 61 Water St	Woman's Seamen's Friend Society..	" John O. Bergh.
New York, N. Y., Catharine, c. Madison.	New York Port Society.....	" Samuel Boulton.
128 Charlton St.....	" Westside Branch.	Mr. John McCormack.
34 Pike Street, E. R.....	Episcopal Missionary Society.....	Rev. A. R. Mansfield.
399 West Street, N. R.....	The Seamen's Christian Ass'n.....	" Stafford Wright.
341 West Street, N. R.....	Episcopal Missionary Society.....	" W. A. A. Gardner.
21 Centies Slip.....	"	" Isaac Maguire.
53 Beaver Street.....	Finnish Lutheran Seamen's Church.	" V. K. Durchman.
Brooklyn, N. Y., U. S. Navy Yard.....	American Seamen's Friend Society.	" G. B. Cutler.
193 9th Street, near Third Avenue	Danish Ev. Luth. Seamen's Mission..	" R. Andersen.
Scand., William St., near Richard..	Norwegian Luth. Seamen's Mission.	" Jakob Bo.
Philadelphia, Penn., cor. Front & Union.	Presbyterian.....	" H. F. Lee.
N. W. cor. Front and Queen Sts...	Episcopal Miss. Ass'n for Seamen..	" Geo. S. Gassner.
Front Street, above Navy Yard...	Baptist.....	"
Washington Ave. and 3rd Street...	Methodist.....	" W. Downey.
Port Missionary, 1420 Chestnut St.	"	" E. N. Harris.
Baltimore, Md., Alicanna & Bethel Sts.	Seamen's Union Bethel Society.....	" G. W. Heyde.
815 South Broadway.....	Port Mission.....	Mr. K. S. Willis.
Norfolk, Va., Sea. Bethel, 327 Main St..	Norfolk Seamen's Friend Society...	Rev. J. B. Merritt.
Wilmington, N. C.....	Wilmington Port Society.....	" M. A. Barber.
Charleston, S. C., 44 & 46 Market St....	Charleston Port Society.....	" P. A. Murray.
Savannah, Ga.....	American Seamen's Friend Society.	" H. Iverson.
Pensacola, Fla.....	"	Mr. Henry C. Cushman.
Mobile, Ala., Church St., near Water..	"	Rev. R. A. Mickle.
Galveston, Texas, 17th & Mechanic Sts..	Galveston Seamen's Friend Society.	" J. F. Sarnar.
New Orleans, La., Fulton & Jackson Sts.	Presbyterian.....	Mr. James Sherrard.
San Francisco, Cal.....	San Francisco Port Society.....	Rev. J. Rowell.

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,

76 Wall Street, New York.

ORGANIZED, MAY 1828.—INCORPORATED, APRIL, 1833.

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OBJECTS OF THE SOCIETY.

ARTICLE II, (of Constitution).—The object of this Society shall be to improve the social and moral condition of seamen, by uniting the efforts of the wise and good in their behalf; by promoting in every port Boarding Houses of good character, Savings' Banks, Register offices, Libraries, Museums, Reading Rooms, and Schools; and also the ministrations of the gospel, and other religious blessings.

CHAPLAINS.—See preceding page for list of missions and missionaries of this Society.

LOAN LIBRARIES.—On American vessels leaving the port of New York loan libraries are placed for the use of the officers and crews. Each library costs \$20 to the donor, contains 43 well selected books, and is returned and sent out again as long as it lasts. The donor of each library is informed when and where it goes, and the effort is made to secure for the donor a report of its usefulness. These libraries build up the mental, moral and religious life of seamen, and are often the means of their conversion. The whole number of new libraries sent out by the Society up to April 1, 1900, was 10,717. Calculating 12,672 reshipments, their 582,727 volumes have been accessible to 412,115 men. Sunday Schools and Church Societies (Y. P. S. C. E. &c.) as well as individuals send these libraries to sea.

THE SAILORS' HOME, No. 190 Cherry Street, New York, is the property of this Society and is leased as a boarding house under careful restrictions. A missionary of the Society resides in the Home and in its comfortable chapel religious and temperance meetings are held every week. Shipwrecked and destitute seamen receive in it temporary aid.

A list of the Society's periodicals will be found on the second page of the cover of this Magazine.